Vol. II. No. 1. Total 53.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *November* 14, 1801.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

VOLUME II.

—

THE *Philadelphia Repository* is a publication devoted solely to literature and morality; political and religious discussions being entirely excluded. It has generally for its object the diffusion of that interesting and useful information, which is calculated equally to divert the fancy, to enlighten the understanding, to form the mind, and to amend the heart; to disseminate those principles, by the exercise of which alone we can be made good men, and good citizens, through the various departments of life; happy in ourselves, and mutually communicating happiness to all around us. Fully to accomplish this desirable object, and at the same time to please all, would require as many different talents, as there are different faces and tastes among mankind, and, consequently, would not come within the compass of human possibility.—The following division and arrangement, however, of the subject-matter of the *Philadelphia Repository*, will shew, that it is at least calculated to give pleasure to as many tastes as possible, without giving pain or offence to any. From this distribution and arrangement, a tolerably just opinion may be formed of the ensuing Volume II. by an inspection of the following

General Outlines of the Contents.

Communications—Under which are comprehended, Miscellaneous Essays, Fragments, Maxims, Select Sentences, &c. original and selected.

Tales, Novels, &c.—as well original, as selected from the best authors.

Interesting Extracts—from new publications and works of merit.

Amusing Miscellanies.—such as Epitaphs, Epigrams, Riddles, Rebusses, Mathematical Questions, &c.

Remarkable Occurrences—in the moral, physical and political worlds.

Anecdotes—historical, literary, critical, facetious, &c. including Bon Mots, Jeu d'Esprits, Repartees, &c.

List of Marriages & Deaths—in and near the City of Philadelphia, and of conspicuous characters at a distance.

Poetry—Original and selected—consisting of Essays, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. on a variety of subjects.

Songs set to Music—One to appear occasionally.

—

CONDITIONS OF PUBLICATION.

I. *It will be printed on a fair paper, with a new type, (of which this first number is a specimen.)*

II. *It will be published every Saturday, in 8 pages large quarto.*

III. *The price will be 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay six months in advance.—Subscribers in the country either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*

IV. *Subscribers, at the expiration of six months, may discontinue, if not satisfied with the work.*

—

☞ Literary Communications, (post paid) will be thankfully received, and Subscriptions taken in at No. 51, South Third-street, nearly opposite the United States' Bank, Philadelphia.

☞ *As part of our plan, we here commence our Second Volume with a work of the Novel kind, and of a very recent date. In making this choice, we confess we have not been a little swayed, by the suffrages it has received in Europe, from men of intelligence, taste and talent, as a work happily uniting and blending* the useful and the agreeable, *which the reader will recollect is the primary object, the polar star of the Philadelphia Repository. That it will suit the taste of all, is rather to be desired than expected; but that it will meet with a favourable reception from the majority, on account of its novelty, variety and interest, we entertain but little doubt. The Author has manifested himself to be a minute observer of mankind, and that he is intimately acquainted with the human heart. He displays an extensive erudition, solid judgment, critical accuracy and unsullied morality: he appears perfectly master of his subject; and disposes the lights and shades of this his* picture of life, *with surprising ease, elegance and effect: his characters are all fairly delineated from the only truly pleasing and lasting model,*—NATURE HERSELF—*(who too often has but little share in modern novels of popularity) and are supported with propriety and uniformity. In short, he may justly be said, like his inimitable prototype*

"To hold the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

SHAKESPEARE.

Upon the whole, we can venture to hazard an assertion, that those who have been delighted with the facetiousness of Tristram Shandy, the brilliancy of the Fool of Quality, the fascination of the Vicar of Wakefield, or the delicate and tender touches of Tom Jones, cannot fail to be in a great degree pleased with OLD NICK—*in which are united many of the charming characteristics of those justly*

celebrated productions, notwithstanding he appears under so ludicrous, uninviting and unpromising a name.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

A PIECE OF FAMILY BIOGRAPHY, &c.

The sense of ridicule is given us, and may be lawfully used. DR. JOHNSON.

PREFACE.

Necessary to be read—Lying—its virtues—Wonderful effect of anger—Truth "flat and unprofitable."—How to puff one's self, as if accidentally—Officious lying explained—How any girl may write a novel with very little trouble—Novel writers vindicated against the charge of not being natural—Sickness and health, which best for an author—Poverty and wealth treated in the same manner—The title to a book—Its importance—A visit to the bookseller's—Stalls.—Hamlet—Butter—The Author fixes on the title to his work—Why he calls it OLD NICK, *the reader will never know, if he does not read the preface.*

THE preface to a book, like grace before meat, is often, either cut very short, or wholly neglected by those who feel an avidity to feast on what the author, or host, may have provided for their literary or carnal appetites. A preface cannot, however, in the present instance, be dispensed with, as it is absolutely necessary for the information of the reader, in some very important matters relating to the following pages.

PETER CUNÆUS, a very learned and sensible writer, who lived in the fifteenth century, began a pleasant little work, in this manner. "I will act honestly with you. Know, therefore, that not one thing I am going to write about, is true. It is my pleasure to laugh, and to jest, and to narrate things that never happened*"

Bound up in the same volume is a satire, written in Greek, by the emperor JULIAN, on the twelve CÆSARS †; which his majesty prefaces by saying.—"If it be true, or a mixture of both truth and falsehood, the work itself will shew."

Now this is a sort of candour I admire, and, admiring, shall scrupulously follow. The history I lately published‡, was all matter of fact, but this, my friends, is all fictitious matter, or such matter as it is a matter of little importance to me whether you believe, or not. My former production succeeded to the utmost of my hopes. But it must be confessed, that it made some people exceedingly angry*, which, I can confidently affirm, would not have been the case had it been false.

We should grow wiser as we grow older. Indeed, I think nature (if possible) to blame, for letting any one increase in years, without increasing in wisdom; for what can disgrace her more than a *foolish old man?* For my part, I am wiser than I was, inasmuch as I am, now, an inoffensive, good-natured creature, who never shock the delicate nerves of my friends by telling them the truth.

M. de FONTENELLE said, that "S'il tenoit toutes las verités dans sa main, il se garderoit bien de l'ouvrir, pour les montrer aux hommes:" if he held all the truths in the world in his hand, he would take care not to open it, to shew them to mankind.† And who shall call his prudence into question? When we know that to undeceive a man, in the veriest trifles, often makes him our enemy, whilst strengthening and supporting him in his errors, seldom fails to induce him to make us his bosom friends. In other words,—prevent his falling into a quagmire, and he'll beat you; help him into it and he'll reward you. Such a fool is man! He would rather sail in the bark, that should glide over halcyon seas, to be wrecked at last on the rocks of Sylla, or lost in the whirlpool of Charybdis, than in that which, for a short period, should buffet the winds, upon a troublous ocean, finally to cast anchor at "the blessed islands."

Even I, now, wise and good as I am!‡ I am not wholly free from this weakness. Suppose, for example, I were to ask any one's opinions of the present work, and he should tell me that it was the worst he ever read, do you imagine that his having spoken the *truth* (for that I must admit) would satisfy me, and make me praise the soundness of his judgment? No, indeed! For, believe me, we never ask men's opinion of our personal beauty, conduct, or works, with any desire to hear the *simple truth.*

As vice possesses the key to the door, which virtue shuts against every thing the world terms pleasure; so has falsehood the clue that leads though the maze to preferment, in which truth is bewildered, and, though strong, is often worn out, and exhausted, by vain and fruitless endeavours. The speech of MIMOLOGOS should therefore be written in letters of gold. "In the second book of Pseudology, cap. iii. v. 30." says he, "are these words," 'Oh! that men were wise, and would consider what pleasure and profit there is in lying, and they would never speak the truth again!"

Truth, then, will not do; at least, it has never been found to answer the purposes of the world. Historians, says my friend PETER, who profess to write nothing but serious facts, fill their pages with impudent falsehoods. Of poets *, CAMPANUS has declared, that lies are wealth and power to them. They feign whatever they please, and deem it a right glorious palm to lie well!

After all this good argument (an authority which will, I trust, have due weight in propagating the wholesome doctrine of lying!) who shall dispute my right, in a work of description, to lie as much as I like? I think I have proved that I have excellent ground to go upon, and am well supported by ancient reverend precedent.

I shall find it more troublesome, I apprehend, to make it appear that my task is arduous, and difficult of execution.

Mrs. MORE‡, in her strictures on education, says that "by the time a girl has read three novels, she generally feels herself able to write a fourth." If this be really the case, it must be, according to SHAKESPEARE, "*as easy as lying;*" and, as I promise to do nothing else, I cannot with much propriety wish the reader (as some authors have) to imagine the labour

---

* P. CUN. Satyra Menippea incastrata, p. 23.

† JULIANI IMP. CESARES, p. 184.

‡ A Piece of FAMILY BIOGRAPHY.

* Great grief has been often known to change the colour of the hair; but the pathological student will be surprised to hear, that excessive anger and vexation, have produced the same effect, to a much greater degree, on a wig; not only changing Mr. LE DUPE's from white to brown (a change entirely opposite to the usual one,) but, also, totally altering its form, turning a long-tailed peruke into a brown bob.

† To this effect, also, SYNESIUS, who father declares "that truth is very hurtful to mankind, but that falsehood is of the utmost service to them!"

‡ I own I have here given myself something in the shape of the "puff direct;" but every one is not blessed, like Mr. CHALMERS, with the art of praising himself, without seeming to intend it. This "acrimonious, touchy, old gentleman," in his supplemental apology, thus addresses the late Mr. Stevens:

"You admitted, indeed, that the object of your obloquy was a *good sort of a man;* but you constantly asked, what he knew of Shakespeare? He has written VERY ABLE *tracts upon trade,* but what can he know about Shakespeare? He has written *an elaborate book* of political annals; but what, &c. He has written several lives with KNOWLEDGE, AND ELEGANCE; but what, &c. In all his writings, he certainly gives *us something new: new facts, and new principles;* but what, &c."

I call this the perfection of self-eulogy!

* The works of poets and historians are, on this account, permitted to live and die unmolested. Most of those which are burnt, or prohibited, are so used, because they contain abominable, seditious, blasphemous truths, which being universally known, would tend to the subversion of some religious or political system.

‡ Though many little misses, and full-grown ladies, may be very much incensed against Mrs. MORE, for treating their favourite employment with such contempt, I must own, that the numerous excellent things she has, in a masculine and convincing tone, advanced, in her Strictures, for the good of society, force me to forgive her, with all my heart.

almost insurmountably great. This*, too, affords me an advantage over novel writers in general, who notwithstanding all the pother, made about a lack of nature, write considerably more in conformity to nature than rigid critics are ready to allow. And here, once for all, I beg leave to say, in their defence, that a novel, the persons of which are all marked by character and sense, or wit or humour, is by no means so *natural*, as those we see every day, without any one of these qualities to distinguish them. Want of character, sense, wit, and humour (unless it be ill humour,) is consumately natural; whilst bringing together ten or twenty people, belonging, perhaps to two or three families, all of whom are noted for either character or sense, wit or humour, is positively (granting its existence) a most preposterous phenomenon *in nature*.

Though I have this advantage over them, that I shall not adhere so very closely to truth and nature, yet have I a counterbalancing disadvantage, which I will not conceal. It is common with them, and, indeed, with all kinds of authors, to inform the reader, in a preface, that they have long laboured under bad health, that their works are the fruits of those hours, and that they consequently entreat the favour, and deprecate the severity of criticism. I, on the contrary request permission to intimate, that I expect much greater indulgence than any person of the above denomination, and for a cause of a very opposite nature, namely—too much vigour, and rude health. Than which, I think, it must be allowed, that nothing can be more inimcal to literary pursuits. Whatever blemishes there may be in my work, I wholly ascribe to them. The vigorous, healthy man, rises to his studies, and, before he has been long engaged in them, the sun, perhaps, shines into his room, or a thousand pleasures occur to his imagination, all of which he is able to enjoy; he therefore, either continues his labours with an absent mind, and does what he is about in a slovenly manner, or quits it, and does not do it at all. But the sick man goes to his work, and bestows on it all the the toil and attention necessary. He can immure himself, for the sun shines into his room in vain,—he must not leave it. His pain (if his illness be painful) renders him doubly attentive, that he may forget it. He employs his nights in polishing his works, for he cannot sleep, which I can, Heaven knows! like any dormouse. All these are benefits unknown to the healthy man; and it is he, and not the sick man, that has a claim on lenient criticism.

There is also another thing, which they put in the form of an excuse for their imperfections, viz. that they are in want! But this too idle to deserve notice. Is wealth necessary to make good writers? Does it make them? No, never! But poverty, as THEOCRITUS says, and we know the observation to be true, poverty alone gives birth to arts. She is the mistress of toil, and the cause of every thing that is praiseworthy †.

And now I am come to the last piece of information I have to communicate. It regards my title, which is, I assure you, no very easy thing to fix, for on that, and not on what follows, often depends the temporary popularity of a work.

After having left my manuscript with a bookseller, for about a week, I waited on him, to know his sentiments of it, and to consult about the title. On entering the shop, I was told, by a spruce young fellow behind the counter, that his master was then engaged, but that if I would stay ten minutes, I might see him. This I readily agreed to, and, being convinced that the young man knew my business, I leaned across the counter, and in a tone of voice so soft, and agreeable, that NESTOR's, though sweeter than honey, was nothing to it, asked him whether he had heard any thing of my work, and whether he thought his master would purchase it?

"Purchase it, sir!" he exclaimed, "you are certainly not aware of the price of paper and printing, or you would not ask such an unreasonable question! Do you imagine he will venture to publish it!"

"Bless me," said I, not knowing that he had his cue to prepare me for his master, "you give me very disheartening intelligence!"

"No, not all," he replied; "do you see those two large bales at the farther end of the shop? They are the poems, sonnets, novels, &c. of a female now dead,—her works died with her. Whilst she was living, by *constant* advertising, and perpetual *puffing*, they were in some request, but since these have ceased, we, having no demand for them, mean to dispose of them to the stalls, for what they will fetch. I cannot contemplate them," continued my loquacious young gentleman, "without exclaiming with HAMLET, that is, varying him a little, "To what base uses we may return, HORATIO! Why may not imagination trace *the works of this fair author*, till he find *them employed to line a trunk, or wrap up butter?*"

For the honour of the profession, I could not help answering him in the words of HORATIO, "'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so."

He immediately went on with HAMLET, "No, faith, not a jot: but to follow *her* thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus—*the author* died: *the author* was buried: *the author being no longer able to advertise, and puff her works, they came to the stalls. But still hanging on hand, they were sold for waste paper*: and why, being thereto converted, might they not *line a trunk, or wrap up butter?*"

> "*The fing-fong author* dead and turn'd to clay,
> Might *wrapt round butter*, keep the *greafe* away.
> Oh! that *her works, which made our critics grin,*
> Should *line a trunk to put your linen in!*
> But foft, but foft, here comes the king!"

Saying this, he fell to packing up a parcel, and I turning round, saw his master approaching. After wishing the other gentleman a good morning, he came smiling up to me, and begged I would retire with him to his office. I found him the very reverse of his shopman. It seems, indeed, that it is the business of the latter to rub up an author's bristles, and of the former, to smooth them down. After the infernal preparation I had received, added to my usual modesty, I could not be very exorbitant in my demands; we therefore presently made our agreements, and nothing remained to be done, but to determine on the title of the work.

Booksellers, as well as the poet* know that *a name often pleases*, and mine desiring me by all means to give my history a *catching* title, I still thinking of Hamlet, instantly proposed to call it after him, the *Mouse-trap*.

"I like it well in good faith, (said the bookseller, who seemed as well versed in *Shakespeare* as his man) that would be a *catching* title indeed, and I should much approve of it, but that I recollect a publication of travels called the *Mouse-trap*, many years ago, which did not take at all."

* THEOCRIT. Id. xxvii. v. 40.

* When I wrote this passage, I thought the promise of uttering no truth, with SHAKESPEARE's word for *the easiness of lying*, insured me some advantage over those who promulgate the dull, uninterested truth. But I have since read a book, written by ROBERT FELLOWES, who is, by the bye, one of the cleverest fellows I have met with for some time, which contains this sentence; "It is more natural, and *easy*, from the influence of the principle of association, *to speak truth than falsehood*."—A Picture of Christian Philosophy, second edit. p. 229.

† This assertion he clearly demonstrates, and I desire that my labours may be esteemed accordingly!

* Iypl. xxi.

† Numberless are the excellent literary works that have been produced in sickness and in want, that would never otherwise have seen the light. Dr. HENRY wrote his History of England when confined to his bed. Dr. JOHNSON, in indigent circumstances, and oppressed by bodily and mental affliction, accomplished his dictionary. Does any one think he would have done it better if he had been rich, and in a perfect state of health and happiness? In my opinion he would not have done it at all!"

Ay!" cried I, "well, then, let us think of something else. What say you to "OLD NICK?"

"Why, he is, indeed," replied he, "an object of general concern, and one about whom every body is interested."

"But, added I, "the title will not relate to the work."

"Pooh," he exclaimed, "is not that the case with most works? But this title suits you in a double sense. Have not you declared that you will tell nothing but lies? Well; your work, and your title do not agree; it is a lie therefore, and of course you are consistent. On the other hand, "OLD NICK" is the acknowledged father of lies.—Your book is full of them, and you have consequently called the child after its father's name."

"Then OLD NICK be its name!" I ejaculated; "and if any one should ask me further reasons than you have given, I shall say,

"Marry, how? tropically. This *story* is———. You shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? *You* and *I*, that have free souls, it touches us not. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY OF *Frances Mariette,*

OF ROCHEBEAUCOUR, BORN IN 1752.

Translated from the French of Freville.

NATURE, which has granted to man the gifts of genius, depth of penetration, the faculty of invention, and the power of execution, has likewise conferred on him the no less precious advantages of amenity of manners, patience, forbearance, courage, sensibility, wisdom, activity, and propriety of conduct. This last quality in particular, we cannot deny belongs to a sex, so worthy of respect and love in every light in which it can be viewed.

Especially with what aptitude are women endowed in their tender years! Do we not daily see young females manage a family, regulate domestic concerns, and superintend their infant brothers and sisters? In a word, do they not supply the loss of parents, at an age when boys are not capable of any service, and think of nothing but amusement?

FRANCES MARIETTE fully confirms the truth of these remarks. This little girl was the daughter of the collector of the taxes of Rochebeaucour, in Angoulesme. In fortune he was low, but he was nevertheless an honest man, a good husband, and a good father. Though his own education was only a common one, he was not deficient in good sense, and brought up his children better than those of many rich citizens. He early observed that his daughter Frances was sensible, but of a firm character, and averse to the harshness of remonstrance; he therefore made use of mildness, caresses, and insinuations; and soon became no less the object of her respect than her love.

His wife had little of the prudence and tender solicitude of her husband. She pretended a mighty affection for her child, but it was unsteady and void of principle. Fantastic, capricious, immoderately gay, difficult to please, passionate, and addicted to scolding, she chected her daughter for trifles. When correction would have been proper, she showed a tenderness of which a child could not guess the motive; when she ought to have encouraged her, she threatened and abused her, which wounded the good father, and soured the disposition of the daughter.

Thus discordant in their dispositions, and acting on contrary principles in regard to the management of their children, the good man, anxious to preserve domestic peace, brooded over his chagrin in silence. He fell ill, and died in the arms of his weeping daughter. The widow, tho' still young, did not long survive him, and left a little boy, 18 months old, to the care of Frances, who was only eleven years herself.

The father of the orphans was only rich in virtue; he left no inheritance to his daughter, save some old furniture, and a small cottage in the skirts of a wood. Frances retired to this savage asylum with her little brother. The unfortunate, alas! have neither guardians nor friends. She found herself absolutely abandoned, and in a short time became the victim of the most deplorable indigence. Meanwhile, some peasants in the vicinity, asked her to look after their geese and their sheep; but her tender attachment to her brother, forced her to decline this offer, and she resolved to submit to the worst rather than forsake him.

In this urgent necessity she sold her linen and goods, and with the produce purchased some flax and cotton. When only seven years old, she had knitted a pair of men's stockings in two days. Habituated to labour, she found it a great resource in her misery; she immediately set about spinning, sewing, and knitting. As she was no less active than handy, she thus provided for her subsistence, and preserved her independence.

Activity, industry, and prudence, naturally engage the esteem of the world; and when we can do without it, then its voluntary assistance is offered. A young girl of twelve, the solitary tenant of a poor cot, supporting herself, and nursing her infant brother as if she had been his mother, was an affecting and unfrequent sight. Thus her reputation speedily increased. Each hastened from the neighbouring districts to visit her, and was eager to carry her work. Mothers in particular made it equally their duty and their pleasure to take their children to her retreat. "Observe," said they, "a young girl of twelve years old, who conducts herself like a woman of thirty, and who spends the hours of rest in supporting her little brother."

Comfort, the usual fruit of industry and toil, insensibly pervaded the cottage of Mariette. She was soon enabled to receive a good old woman, who attended to the domestic economy and the little boy, while she carried her work to the neighbouring hamlets. Passing her days in innocence and peace, nothing was wanting to complete the happiness of this prudent damsel but the company of her father.

Incessantly the most afflicting recollections preyed on her spirits, and gloomed her thoughts. Both by day and night she felt a frightful blank around her. "O dear friends of my infancy," would she often exclaim, "why have ye left your beloved daughter? With what rapture would I consecrate to you the produce of my toils! Oh, how would it delight me to be able to return the cares you lavished on my tender age! Alas! alas! I shall never be able to console myself for so cruel a loss—nothing can ever recompense me for this privation."

Divided between her cares for her little brother and her tender regret for her dear father, the prudent Frances had already spent three years in her solitude. She was no less accomplished in person, than mature in judgment; her strength and height were much beyond her years, and her beauty equalled the virtues of her heart. The most respectable peasants wished to pay their addresses to her, and would have esteemed themselves very happy to obtain her without a dowry; but though still very young, with an uncommon degree of prudence, she thanked them for their good opinion, but accepted the offer of a tradesman of a middle age, with a moderate fortune; "because," said she, "he will be able to supply the place of a father both to

my brother and myself, and will assist me to gain that experience which I want."

This was in the midst of a long, and severe winter. The sensible Mariette was waiting till the arrival of spring to be united to the happy man to whom she had devoted her heart and her lovely person. But alas! this virtuous maid had all her hopes frustrated by the most melancholy catastrophe. For five weeks the earth had been covered with frozen snow. The wolves prowled in troops over the country; they grew bold enough to enter the towns; and even men, unless protected by arms, became the victims of those ferocious animals.

One morning, as Mariette was drawing her bread from the oven, a she-wolf, followed by five of her cubs, burst into her apartment. She instantly seized a knotty club, and defended herself with as much courage as intrepidity. Her own life might have been saved, had she thought only of herself. While she was redoubling her blows on the savage beast, she perceived a second enemy advancing against her brother. Raising then the shriek of terror, she caught him by the waist, and opening a bin, placed him there in security.

At last, while the undaunted Mariette was resting on one hand, and with the other trying to repulse the devouring animals, the raging she-wolf made a spring at her throat, and instantly strangled her. Meanwhile the poor old woman, her companion, as she ran with faltering steps to implore help, was in like manner torn in pieces.

Thus died, in the fifteenth year of her age, a young maid, worthy of the warmest regard. Who can refuse such a lovely character the tribute of their tears? A finished model of filial piety, of resolution and sisterly love, full of wisdom, sentiment, and grace, she deserved to live, to become a wife and a mother. Full well did she perform their most sacred duties, without having yet reached the state or title.

The brother of this unhappy girl was alive in 1796; and from him the above afflicting particulars were obtained.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A DUE regard to the characters and abilities of the performers, at present composing the Theatrical Corps in this city, ought to actuate a critic, or a pretender to criticism, to temper his remarks with truth, feeling and discrimination. His praises ought never to be lavished too profusely on an individual, nor his censures on inability in a performer marked with intemperate virulence, or unfeeling invective. But I find either blind partiality, or warmth of friendship, are apt to warp the judgment, and disarm the will; and this unfortunate failing has never appeared to a greater degree than in the fulsome and ill-timed eulogy, published in your paper of October 31st, on the character and abilities of Mrs. Whitlock, by *Mercutio*.

This writer appears to be so fascinated with Mrs. Whitlock's "uncommon energy and vivacity, tempered *with* the *nicest* discrimination, that he is positive, in the tragic walk, she stands unrivalled." It is somewhat unfortunate for this *acute censor*, that his knowledge of the requisites attached to the "Tragic Walk," should consist exclusively of "uncommon energy and vivacity, tempered *with* the *nicest* discrimination." It is not here intended to detract from the well-known and acknowledged talents of Mrs. Whitlock. All are happy to avow, that her conception is just, and her execution of characters, in general, splendid and natural: but as truth and justice are of greater importance than the calls of friendship, while we admit the merit attached to her abilities, a legal tribute of praise is due to that lady, whose line of acting, and delicacy of frame, differs from and prevents her pourtraying the fiercer and more boisterous parts of Tragedy.—Mrs. Whitlock excels in all scenes of heightened madness, jealousy and rage of an infuriated woman. But are these the sole requisites necessary for primal eminence in the "Tragic Walk?" And does the execution of those fierce passions, claim to her a palm unrivalled? No—The characters of Cordelia, Julia, Monimia, Calista, Ophelia, and various others, as played by Mrs. Merry, award her trophies of admiration, by which she stands unrivalled in the "Tragic Walk," either in this, or any other country. Her "silver tones" of harmony, her countenance of pleasing expression, her conception so just, and her attitude so natural, awaken applause, and shackle the soul with admiration.—The listening ear is never grated upon, the gazing eye is never tired, the judgment is never opposed to her conception; nor is action ever displeased with her deportment—Yet, with all these charms, I would not, like *Mercutio*, withhold justice to Mrs. Whitlock, merely for the sake of paying, in his coin, a *clumsy compliment* to any actress.

However, *Mercutio* says—"Talents so conspicuous certainly receive an additional lustre, when accompanied with unsullied reputation, a demeanor amiable, virtuous, and polite. In this respect Mrs. Whitlock is entitled to more than common praise."

What is to be inferred from this paragraph, except a wanton and unfeeling attack on the private characters of the rest of the female performers? A mean, base, and unmanly insinuation against the virtuous deportment of the other actresses?—"And that accordingly she is entitled to more than common praise." Mrs. Whitlock's private or public character will not receive one jot more elevation by *Mercutio*'s partial puff, and this lady will not thank him for his pointed and wire-drawn compliment. No doubt is held of the "virtuous deportment" of Mrs. Whitlock's private character; but this readily granted, her private character, as an actress, is not the only one, which truth, good sense, and sensibility entitle to praise.

On the whole, *Mercutio*'s panegyric must have originated in a moment when the voice of liberality, was stunned by the calls of near sighted prejudice; and when he thought he could not pay Mrs. Whitlock just praise, without neglecting, nay filching from other performers their undeniable merit—And finally, to keep up to the spirit of my first position, I have shewn that his remarks are opposite to truth, feeling and discrimination. *HENRY.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I wish your correspondent Q. had given us a lecture upon Old Maids or Bachelors, instead of Widows; for in my opinion, all and every kind of Widows, even the Wishing and Whimsical Widow, is a much more rational creature than either an Old Maid or an Old Bachelor—To lecture a little upon them would not appear with the same impropriety as to lecture on the poor Widows, as it is not their own faults generally that they are left in that situation: whereas, on the other hand, Old Maids and Old Bachelors have nobody to blame but themselves for their forlorn situation—They are both characters so inimical to the well-being of society, that to lecture them smartly would be no more than they deserve. But as Q. is only a copyist, we cannot lay any thing more to his charge, than that of copying: however, I am in hopes he will yet touch up the Old Bachelors. A Bachelor is a poor creature, that has not the spirit to get a wife; a poor creature that cannot

boast of adding one single legitimate individual to the great family of mankind; a poor creature that drags out a spiritless, insipid, lonesome life; and, perhaps, if fortune should happen to favour him, turns miser at last, and refuses himself the bare necessaries of life. You will then probably find him lodging in a garret, in some obscure alley, and eating a three-penny dinner, which he washes down with a pint of small beer. Almost all misers are Bachelors; and a more detestable character than a miser I need not name: therefore I request Mr. Q. to leave the Widows alone for the future, or if he still presists in his folly, he shall have his own weapons pointed against himself, by ADOLPHUS.

PAIRS OF SPECTACLES.

[*From Mercier's New Picture of Paris.*]

OLD toothless women, whose chins almost touched their aquiline noses, reading with their spectacles, word by word, in their psalters, the litanies of the Holy Virgin, often excited a wicked laugh. These same old women, now that the world is turned upside down, may laugh in their turn at our beardless boys making love in spectacles.

Clerks in the public offices, true letter-grinders, have made this fashion general. Some of their noses, on which spectacles remain in permanence, give them an air of judicial gravity. A head clerk doubles his eyes to enable him to read his piles of papers, wishing, by the aid of this distinctive sign, to appear as indefatigable as the laborious Hercules, while he is little more in general than a sort of diplomatic parrot.

I do not mean to censure the clerks of public offices, but only to point out the origin of a custom, the exaggeration of a fashion, and the vanity of its followers. Of twenty persons who pass along the streets, ten have spectacles.

The use of spectacles leads to chicanery—Look at that old payer of annuities, with a contract grown yellow with age in his hand; his spectacles magnify the letters almost as much as Herschell's telescope magnifies the planets: notwithstanding which, he pauses over every word and every phrase; counts the points and commas; the clearest term appears to him obscure; he handles the paper with a sort of inquietude; he weighs it, if I may use the expression, as if he was afraid of the weight of a cypher too much;—in a word, he visits it, touches it, interrogates it with the mental application of a blind man, who feels.

studies, and verifies between his fingers a piece of smooth money.

How much I suspect the judgment of that profound connoisseur, who with his spectacles on his nose, examines a picture of Rubens or Vandyke! He sees every thing quite near, while he sees nothing; notwithstanding which, he is decisive. All the illusion, all the magic of those sublime paintings, is in the distance which the pencil of the artist has fixed for the intelligent spectator to examine it.

But the wearers of spectacles find an inestimable advantage in using them; across that enchanting prism they view every pretty woman, more pretty than miniatures! What a delightful delusion! spectacles soften features which are too large; they give an air of youth to superannuated coquettes, who grow old in spite of their endeavours to prevent it;—in a word, they bestow on the features of youth that sweetness, that virginal grace, which give us the idea of the celestial beauty of angels; nevertheless, whatever delightful enjoyment these blessed spectacles afford to amateurs, I agree with honest La Fontaine, "that there is nothing so good to see with as the eye of a lover."

HILARITY.

Why sit lonely, thus moping in grief and in sorrow?
If unhappy to-day, you'll be happy to-morrow.
Rouse up—this proceeding is absolute treason,
Against Heaven, Friendship, Love, Good Sense and Reason.
See cheering Hilarity *opens his treasures,*
And calls you to taste of his innocent pleasures;
Come then to his banquet with ready compliance,
And bid all this world's plagues and cares a defiance. AMYNTOR.

LICINIUS CRASSUS loved a lamprey he kept in a pond so well, that when it died he wept. Domitius, his colleague, being one day disputing with him, asked him, spitefully, "Are you not ashamed to shed so many tears for the loss of a lamprey?"—"And are not you," said Licinius, "who have buried three wives without one tear."

—

ZENO detected his slave in a theft, and ordered him to be flogged. The slave having in mind the dogmas of his master, and thinking to compliment him, in order to save himself from punishment, exclaimed—"It was fated that I should commit this theft."—"And also that you should be flogged for it," replied Zeno.

WHEN Dr. Jeggon, afterwards bishop of Norwich, was master of Bennet College, Cambridge, he punished all the under graduates for some general offence; and because he disdained to convert the penalty-money into private use, it was expended on new whitening the hall of the college. A scholar hung the following verses on the screen:

"Dr. Jeggon, Bennet College master,
"Broke the scholar's heads and gave the walls a plaster."

The Dr. perusing the paper, wrote underneath, extempore,

"Knew I but the wag that writ these verses in bravery,
"I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery.

—

KING ANTIGONUS came to visit Antagorus, a learned man, whom he found in his tent, busied cooking of congers [eels] "Do you think," said Antigonus, "that Homer, when he wrote the glorious actions of Agamemnon, was boiling congers?"—"And do you think," sarcastically replied the scholar, "that Agamemnon, when he did those actions, concerned himself whether any man in his camp boiled congers or not?"

—

A FARMER overhearing a conversation of two of his neighbours, in which they expressed much faith in dreams, took occasion to tell them with great secrecy, and strict injunctions not to mention it, that he had dreamed there was a large sum of money buried in a dunghill in his field, and promised them a share in the booty, if they would help him to search for it. It was agreed to carry the dung out upon the land for the better certainty of examination, and the expected prize, one of them expressed a persuasion that it must be under the ground where the dunghill lay, and was proceeding to dig for it, when the farmer told them his dream went no farther than the removal of the dunghill, which he was much obliged to them for doing, as he could not himself have effected it before the snow came on.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

FRIENDSHIP.

HOW sweet is dear Friendship's soft balm,
To a breast that is tortur'd by care!
How soon will the ruffled mind calm,
When a friend's kind consolance is near!

Thou softening easer of woes,
When affliction calls loud for thy aid,
What benevolence grants thou hast chose;
To sorrow thy sympathy's paid. T. D.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET V.

TO COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which young people ought never to be ashamed; graceful in youth is the tear of Sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. BLAIR.

DAUGHTER of Sensibility divine,
Pure emanation from the source of love,
Behold me from thy star-gemm'd throne above,
Devoutly bending at thy hallow'd shrine.

On thee attendant, all the Virtues wait;
Love and Humanity adorn thy train:
Thy kind approach to gladness turns our pain;
And gilds with cheerfulness the gloom of Fate.

What godlike stamp is on thy heart imprest,
That makes thine own another's bliss or woe! (forts flow;
Fav'rite of Heav'n, from thee life's com-
Thou! "ever blessing, art for ever blest."

Daughter of Sensibility divine,
Fill with thy sympathies this soul of mine.

AMYNTOR.

QUESTION,

Selected for the *P. R.* by *T. W. de la Tienda.*

IN town lives a cobler, call'd comical John,
An excellent artist at cracking a pun;
It happened one day at the sign of the Trunk,
He met with a jovial young farmer half drunk,
Who was ranting so much of Arithmetic rules,
Making people around look like ninnies or fools.—
I have, says the cobler, a coat you may see,
Perhaps as old fashion'd as any there be,
On which are five dozen plate-buttons all fair, (know are
That I gladly would sell; as the times you
So tight, that a poor man can scarce earn his bread, (his head.
Though he toil 'till his teeth all drop out of
The farmer he listen'd to hear the man's tale, (ale;
And gave him to drink a full bumper of
Then ask'd him the price of the buttons he'd sell? (not now tell;
What they're worth, says the cobler, I can-
But if ev'ry button you'll treble for me,
With one barley corn*, then the buttons shall be
Your own—To this bargain the farmer agreed, (with speed;
And began to count up the whole number
But alas! poor Hodge found he was bilked indeed:
For the barley corns growing upon all his land,
Were nothing to what was the cobler's demand.

Quere—The number of barley-corns, and number of bushels, and also what will it amount to at 8*s* 8*d* per bushel, allowing 681 grains of barley to an ounce, 16 oz. to the pound, and 50 pounds to the bushel?

* One barley-corn for the first button, 3 for the second, and so on trebling each time to the last.

CURE FOR THE EPILEPSY.

ANY thing which has a tendency to cure, or even to relieve persons afflicted with that dreadful distemper, epilepsy, is entitled to the attention of the public;—the following lines on the subject are quoted from Lalande:—"There was lately brought to Citizen Portal, a young lady, who was every day attacked by violent epileptic fits. They began in one of her toes; which circumstance suggested to that able anatomist the idea of cutting the nerve, for the purpose of interrupting the communication: but he began by the application of opium to the nerve; and that alone proved sufficient to effect a complete cure." *Far. Mus.*

PHILADELPHIA,
NOVEMBER 14, 1801.

☞ One eighth of a dollar will be given for any of the following numbers of the first volume of the Philadelphia Repository, viz. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, and 12.—These numbers are wanted immediately—their being torn or soiled will be no objection, provided they are legible.

EARTHQUAKE!

ON Thursday night last, a few minutes before 12 o'clock, a considerable shock of an Earthquake was felt in this city, attended by a loud explosion, and followed by a rumbling sound, which continued for about a quarter of a minute.

Marriages.

Blest'd is the pair whom love invites,
And HYMEN in his bands unites,
Connubial sweets to prove:
They taste all blessings earth can give;
And when they die, ascend to live,
In happier climes above. ANYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. Samuel Jordan, of York County, to Miss Margaret Jordan, of this city....On the 10th, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. William Vandegrift, to Miss Christiana Moninglon, both of Bensalem, Bucks County....On the 12th, by the Rev. William Marshall, Mr. Mark Fulton, house carpenter, to the amiable Miss Sarah Ware.

——— On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Joseph Clarkson, Mr. Stephen Pleasonton, late of Delaware State, to Miss Molly Hopkins, daughter of John Hopkins, esq. of Lancaster County.

Deaths.

Since DEATH extends his empire over all,
And Nature and her works alike must die;
Since we like those before us soon must fall,
And from this scene of things for ever fly;
Great GOD of all! prepare us for that fate,
Which must decide our everlasting state.
ANYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 4th inst. Miss Susan Wirts.

———At Georgetown, (S. C.) on the 23d ult. after a severe illness, Mr. John Burd, Editor and Proprietor of the Georgetown Gazette.

———At Charlestown, (S. C.) on the 23d ult. the Right Reverend Robert Smith, D. D. Bishop of the Episcopal Churches in South Carolina, in the 73d year of his age, 45 of which he has performed the duties of Minister of St. Philip's Church.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*T. D.*'s" explanation is satisfactory—His "*Address to Matilda,*" shall appear next week.

The piece signed "*Pool,*" is in some parts too obscure and confused.

"*Enigmatical List of Philadelphia Young Ladies.*" from an ingenious correspondent, who signs himself *A Subscriber*, came too late for the present number, but will be attended to in due time.

"*The Gazer, No. 3*" is received—The editor wishes to see the sequel of the story he has commenced, before it is published.

A Discovery founded in fact.

In cases of persons drowned, let a small loaf be filled with some quicksilver, throw it into the water, and it will soon become stationary over where the body lies.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Extract from an original Poem in manuscript, entitled,

"MAN AS HE OUGHT TO BE,"

BY AMYNTOR.

Reason is represented as pointing out to Youth the path which will conduct them successfully, honourably, amiably and happily thro life. Her dictates in the following lines are employed on a certain species of

GALLANTRY.

WHILE thou, to these dost prompt attention give,
One other lesson let thy heart receive;
From which all future good in life proceeds,
As honest fame from meritorious deeds—
Despise that *wordly gallantry* which draws
The vanity of youth to seek applause,
By paying court to ev'ry fair they meet,
Parading pompous thro' the crowded street;
And sighing, how their captive bosoms move,
With admiration, with esteem and love:
They swear, *tha t* lady has a heav'nly face;
This person is possess'd of Venus' grace;
You female's angel-look to rapture warms;
And, *here*, her sister spreads superior charms.
With more than mark'd contempt, such conduct scorn;
For, by such conduct, worth has been undone.
Oft many a Fair has fondly all believ'd;
Oft many a Fair been cruelly deceiv'd:
Mothers and Sires have mourn'd their daughters dear,
Sisters and brothers shed th' incessant tear;
Whose families mix'd anguish, grief and shame,—
For mis'ry and disgrace still haunt th' unhappy name.
O! if a sense of justice touch thy breast,
If virtue, honour, truth, are there impress'd;
Never, in conduct, be equivocal;
Feign not soft sensibility, or zeal;
Nor speak of tender passion, with a view
To catch the female heart, and wound it too:
Give not the fair a pang thou wilt not cure;
In acts, be generous—in intentions pure—
Be candid, true, sincere—and bliss will e'er endure.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE YOUNG LOVER's SOLILOQUY.

AH! what alarms invade my anxious breast!
What new sensations rob my soul of rest!
Why flows life's stream so quickly through my veins? (reigns?
Why in my breast this thrilling transport
Why is my mind by causeless fears opprest?
And why in turn, by hope and fear posses'd?
Why do I love the gloom of solitude,
And seek the lonely, melancholy wood?
Why do my hours hang heavy on my hand?
Why do I shun the joy-inspiring band?
Why am I careless of the voice of fame?
Why do my thoughts dwell on Amanda's name?
Why does my fancy view her lovely bloom;
Depict the charms, her smiling form illume;
Dwell on her beauties, call her graces forth,
And paint in glowing tints, her matchless worth?
When o'er the world, night her dark mantle throws,
And nature rests in undisturb'd repose,
I seek to lull my anxious soul to rest,
And calm the tumult of my troubled breast.
But all in vain—my couch sweet slumber flies,
Sooths not my cares, nor seals my weary eyes:
Ev'n if at last a short repose I find,
Fancy still pictures to my anxious mind
The gentle Fair, in all her charms array'd:
Ev'n in my dreams I see the matchless maid.
From love alone can spring the pleasing pain,
And I must be a captive in his train.

CARLOS.

PHILADELPHIA,
NOVEMBER 9, 1801.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

The following, may perhaps amuse some of your readers, as well as those few who are acquainted with the circumstances which caused its composition.

TO THE LADIES.

WHEN living creatures ripen'd into birth,
And Adam liv'd, fair offspring of the earth,
He scarce had breath'd e're this great truth was known,
"It is not good for man to be alone;"
And his successors, 'midst the ills of life,
Have found great bliss in Heav'n's best gift a wife.
Time and experience prove the kind design,
And shew the maxim was, and is divine.

Why flies the blessing from my wish'd embrace?
Why does my table no kind female grace?
Alone, why do I daily drink my wine?
Why on my couch do I alone recline?
Why no kind partner of my downy bed?
Why two soft pillows, for one lonely head?
Alas! because a stranger here I came,
And full six years remain almost the same.
Through crowded streets I take my lonely walk:
I silent keep, or to myself I talk.
'Tis monstrous, thus in crowds to live alone!
What shall I do? what must, what can be done?
For shame! I cannot enter strangers' houses,
And chatter to their daughters, and their spouses;
And say, my pretty dear, my dearest life,
I'm come to court you, for I want a wife;
Give me your daughter, and I'll be your son;
No this can never, never must be done.
Nor, when the fair ones in their walks I meet,
Must I presume to stop them in the street:
They'd think me crazy, or with liquor mellow;
And call me impudent, vile, dirty fellow.
What must I do? Why, faith I'll advertise—
Come, some dear girl, with kindness in your eyes;
Come to my arms; partake, increase my joys:
I've house and home already for you waiting;
I've books want reading, dainties that want eating;
I've food for body, and I've food for mind;
All is your own, are you but good and kind,
Your person comely, and your temper mild.
Daughter of prudence, and fair virtue's child.
As for myself, I'm neither old, nor ugly;
Nor rich, nor poor, yet I live very snugly.
But I'm not happy;—no; from Heav'n's high throne,
It was decreed, man should not live alone:
Or, if he does he loses all the joys,
And all the comforts, which from love arise.
His life's a desart, and his years a waste;
And, from creation's page shall be eras'd
His name, when once his mortal breath has ceas'd.
Without dear woman, what alas! is man?
Whose life at best is but a span.
Oh! some kind girl, come fill my span with joy:
With you, dear girl's objections only lie:
I'm ready, willing, and impatient wait,
To join you in what's call'd the holy state.

A BACHELOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO MR. LAW.

IN thee the "pow'rs of harmony" reside,
The "concord of sweet sounds;" the notes refin'd:
The god of music is thy willing guide,
And breathes a holy rapture o'er thy mind.

Ah! still instruct and elevate the soul,
And still supernal ecstacy impart,
Direct the swelling music how to roll,
And form to noblest aims the captive heart!

Q.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

"O fie! the treble jars."

SHAKESPEARE.

Dear Tienda give o'er your harmonious notes,
So melodiously sung at the *end* of *disputes*;
Or at least, if you cannot, pray make a *long pause*.
For their *tenor's* more *flat*, more *insipid* than LAW's:
And we're tempted to cry, as we read the dull verse,
Tho' *discordant* the *piece* was—the *symphony's worse*.

L'ALLEGRO.

NOVEMBER 9, 1801.